

A
SKETCH from the DEAD;

OR, A

M O N O D Y

TO THE

M E M O R Y

OF

Mrs. CARTER THELWALL.

AND THERE WAS WRITTEN THEREIN LAMENTATIONS,
AND MOURNING, AND WOE.

Ezekiel.

L O N D O N.

P R I N T E D I N T H E Y E A R

M D C C L X X I I .

SKETCH FOR THE DEAD

W. O. H. O. D. Y.

Y. O. H. O. D. Y.

W. O. H. O. D. Y.

W. O. H. O. D. Y.

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A

SKETCH from the DEAD, &c.

ARISE, thou form, once animated by the soul of my CHARLOTTE CARTER, that I may imprint (if possible) in deeper characters on the tablet of my heart those graces and virtues, which adorned thee living. And let truth stand at my right-hand to guide my pencil, or to dash it and the writer to pieces, if he transgresses her sacred laws, by setting down aught which he does not either feel or think. The lust of praise, or the desire of vain-glory, never was the ruling passion of our lives; or if it were, it must certainly be extinct in the one that is taken away, and much abated in the other that is left. As therefore I think myself far removed from the usual influences and causes of flattery and falsehood, I hope I shall not be guilty of them. Indeed, it would

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be the highest impiety and folly, as it would be lying to God and myself; to whom alone, and our daughter, I dedicate and address the following monody.

Thy countenance, though not cloathed in beauty, was pleasing and agreeable. It was the index of thy heart, mild, placid, and benign; unruffled by any one of the turbulent or malevolent passions. Full of grace were thy lips, from whence proceeded nothing but the sweetest breath, or most engaging conversation. A mean sentiment never entered thy heart, nor did a vulgar expression ever come out of thy mouth. Though I admit some imperfections in thy exterior, such as too short a stature, perhaps too full an eye, too thin a face, too long and lean a hand, and a small though scarce discernible defect in thy shape from some early mismanagement; nevertheless, notwithstanding these disadvantages, thou didst unite in thy person many uncommon graces and elegancies, though not beauty. Thy symmetry was just, thy form elegant, thy carriage graceful, thy air genteel, and thy manners engaging. In these traits of thee, if I am partial, I know
I am

I am not singularly so. So that I think I may justly apply to thee, as much as one can to a little woman, those too much hackneyed fine lines :

Grace was in all thy steps, heaven in thy eye ;
In every gesture dignity and love.

Such was thy exterior form, on the contemplation of which I could dwell for ever with rapture and delight. For can I ever forget thy engaging smiles, thy pleasing caresses, and endearing manners? How didst thou always fly to thy husband on his return from the shortest absence, thine eyes beaming tenderness, attention, love, joy, and complacency. These, alas! are now for ever hid from my eyes, but, as I hope, never from my memory.

Ordain'd to lose the partner of my breast,
Whose virtue warm'd me, and whose beauty blest ;
Fram'd every tie which binds the soul to prove,
Her duty friendship, and her friendship love.
But yet rememb'ring that the parting sigh
Appoints the just to slumber, not to die ;
The starting tear I check, I kiss the rod,
And not to earth resign her—but to God.

ANON.

But however engaging thy external charms were, they were not comparable to those of thy mind. Thy soul was as full of worth as it was void of pride; it sought not to shew, or needed to hide any thing. Thy virtues and excellencies were of the private, domestic, and social kind, which displayed themselves only to the circle of thy relations and friends. Whatever qualifications or accomplishments thou wast endowed with either by nature or education, content with the possession and communication of them within the walls of thine house, thou wast never prompted by vanity or affectation, to make an ostentatious display of them before the world of strangers. Thou wast mild in thy disposition, gentle in thy manners, sincere in thy friendships, devout in thy religion, kind and generous to thy relations, civil and benevolent to all, humane and charitable to the poor.

Such were the virtues of thy heart; nor were thy mental endowments inferior. God had endowed thee with good sense, an acute discernment, a sound judgment, together with an uncommon and inexhaustible fund
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of humour of the best natured kind. In this talent I know not thy superiour. It tended not only to enliven the solitary hours of domestic privacy and retirement, but added also to social mirth. It had not the least tincture of severity, vulgarity, or indelicacy. It never obtruded itself upon strangers, but was used only amongst thy most intimate, and served to give a zest to conversation. It was gentle, quiet, harmless, true humour, never rising so high as the dangerous sallies and flashes of wit, or descending to vulgar raillery. It did not set the table in a roar, but was sure to light and keep up a smile in every countenance. In that, as in every thing else, she preserved

That dignity and decency of mind,
So lovely in the female kind;
Where not a single thought intrudes
Less modest, than the speech of prudes.

SWIFT.

I never knew her betrayed by the seductions of vanity, affectation, flattery, or that more enchanting syren, pleasure, to lose her understanding so far, as to say or do any thing improper. She was always so composed and self-

self-collected, as never, upon any surprize, to lose the command of herself. She was perfectly free from the foibles of vanity and affectation, had the quickest discernment of those qualities in others, and the most acute Penetration into characters, almost at first sight, of any body I ever knew. I seldom knew her mistaken in her judgment. She despised flattery, and the flatterer, and was equally inaccessible to both. Her behaviour in mixed company was rather serious and composed, so that it might possibly be mistaken for grave, dull, or stupid. But the equal share she took in all conversation, the attention she paid to the rest of the company, and the sensibility of her countenance, would exempt her from such a charge with the discerning.

She had not only good common sense, but was blessed with an understanding and capacity equal to high attainments. She had a taste for, and entered into the sublimest compositions of poetry. She had read and was fond of Milton, Pope, Young, Swift, and some other modern authors. But she nei-
ther

ther pretended to, or aimed at the character of
 a learned lady, though she was not without
 a taste for letters. Her talents for writing,
 and in the epistolary way, were above medio-
 crity; and I could shew some on a particu-
 lar occasion, that for propriety of language,
 and justness of sentiment, would do her cre-
 dit, and rank at no very great distance from
 Anna Boleyn. She learnt French so as to
 read Marmontel through with great facility
 in one summer, but did not find any occa-
 sion or strong inclination to keep it up. In-
 deed in every thing, her understanding, sen-
 timents, behaviour and conduct, she shewed
 an uncommon strength and steadiness of mind,
 united with the most perfect female delicacy
 and refinement of manners. Wherever she
 went, (though she sought not to multiply
 acquaintance, and was rather shy and reserv-
 ed in making friendships, and never at all
 unless she had first some opinion of the good-
 ness and worth of the parties, and was always
 ever after steady and sincere to them) she al-
 ways gained the good will and good offices of
 all strangers of worth and fashion in public
 places,

places, from the apparent meekness of her spirit, her good manners, and, I may add, from the propriety and elegance of her dress, though never rising to finery, which she never liked. She never affected or courted the acquaintance of people in high life, not from any fastidious contempt, but because she did not like their ways and modes of living, as too refined or insipid for her more humble taste and station. I believe but very few of those who have ever known Mrs. Carter, but have loved and esteemed her.

I do not know a stronger mark of wisdom than the being content and happy with our lot. Mrs. Carter was so in the highest degree. She was perfectly pleased with her situation. I believe she had not a wish unsatisfied. She loved her husband, admired her place, house, and every thing that belonged to her, even to enthusiasm; and because she thought herself so, was therefore the happiest woman in the world, nor would have changed her condition with any. She was always ready to share the pleasures her fortune afforded with her relations and friends,

friends, some of whom she always asked to accompany her in her tours to Wales, London, or public places, in order to give them such pleasures, as their own fortune and situation would not otherwise have admitted them to enjoy. Her house was always the house of joy and gladness, of music and dancing, of all the innocent amusements of society and decent hospitality. But though she liked and enjoyed company very well, yet she was equally gay, lively and humorous, even amongst the smallest family party. She had always within herself an everlasting fund of amusement, as she loved music, reading, walking, and even working to a moderate degree. Here I may take the opportunity, by the bye, of celebrating those lesser accomplishments she possessed, which though of no intrinsic worth or value in themselves, yet serve to cheer and embellish human life. She excelled in dancing, particularly the graceful part of it the minuet, so much, that I do not think I ever saw any body dance better. Her taste and ear for music was exquisite; her proficiency in the practice not

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inconsiderable, as she could have played several of Handel's, Justice's, Eichner's, and Schroeter's concertos with neatness and exactness. Her voice was rather low and weak, but very sweet, and peculiarly suited to slow pathetic songs; so that I think she could sing *Verdi Prati*, *Dove sei*, several Oratorio songs, and Jackson's Canzonets, in such a manner as might not displease even those who have heard a superior Harrop or Linley. She had also a tolerable genius for painting and drawing landscapes, buildings, ^(a) figures, caricatura's, and a peculiar happy knack of cutting out shades of persons from memory, without their sitting for them; and yet so great was her modesty, and so little her vanity, that she never talked of or shewed them; so that many of her acquaintance, who had not the opportunities, did not know that she possessed them at all, or to the degree she actually did.

If dress be an indication of sense, she shewed it even in that article. It was never gaudy, fine or rich; but plain, neat, genteel, elegant, and fashionable. Her taste was not

(a) See her Drawings; & also the new only Dining Room & Church at Redbourn, in the Designs of which if there be any Taste, she may claim the principal Share of it.

only generally admired by her female acquaintance, but copied. Though she never dressed in any thing but plain silks of one uniform colour, and that generally a very grave one, for which she was often rallied; yet upon the whole, she looked so well dressed and elegant in them, that the ladies in London (not in the common cant or routine of compliments usual amongst them on such occasions) admired it, and would frequently ask who was her mantua-maker, thinking it some capital one in town: whereas all her cloaths were made at home in the country by her own servants, under her directions. She neither was fond or desirous of many jewels: she had a few, elegant rather than costly, and those put on and disposed of with judgment and taste, rather to give a lustre to a plain and elegant dress, than to glare and dazzle in a fine one. Another proof of her good sense was, that she never suffered her maid servants to dress above their condition, a modern fashion which levels all distinctions of rank, and equals the maid with the mistress. Nor did this seemingly unimportant circumstance

escape the observation and approbation of the sensible and discerning in public places.

She was sometimes rallied by her acquaintance for not loving work, but very unjustly; for she did a great deal more work in reality than they did, though not seen. She did not indeed like or do much in the netting, knotting, or catgut way, the late fashionable employments of the fair; yet she did a great deal in painting or flowering gowns for her friends, making her own caps, ordering the making and assisting in the trimming and finishing the ornamental part of her own cloaths, and those of her daughter, which were always so plain and neat, and at the same time so elegant, as to be every where noticed, liked, and often copied. She was never idle; whatever time she had to spare from company and dressing, she employed in reading, writing, drawing, music, superintending the affairs of her family, ordering something for herself or daughter, to whom she executed the duty of a governess and preceptor in all her attainments. She was also very attentive to the necessities and wants of
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the poor; whom she relieved by her countenance, advice, visits, medicines, and charity. For she was as diffusive in her liberality and generosity, within her sphere, as the sun. She truly possessed

The sense to value riches, and the art
To use them, with the bounty to impart.

Though (when young) she had been at a boarding school for three or four years herself, yet she never approved of that mode of education, or the present fashionable one of a French governess at home for her daughter. She thought that by a good reading and music master in the country, and by dancing and music masters when in town in the winter, and all under her own eye, care, and superintendence, she might receive as accomplished and as suitable an education for her rank and station, as in any other more fashionable and polite mode. And I flatter myself, that she has not only discharged her duty to her daughter in this particular with all conscience and judgment, but with as much effect and advantage as could well be expected at her age. And oh! that it had pleased God to have granted her a longer life, to have

have carried on that pleasing care and attention to the last finishing, (to which she was fully competent) and to have enjoyed the fruits of her labour of love in the maturity of her daughter's virtue and happiness by her instructions and example. That task, alas! now devolves on me; and may I, by God's help, discharge it with all duty and diligence, love and gratitude to her departed mother. She shall even be my model, and if it pleases God by his grace, and my instructions, to finish the copy equal to the original, my utmost wish will be accomplished; for if I am not blinded by fondness and partiality, (which though very pardonable I really think I am not) according to my judgment,

She was a woman, take her for all in all,
I ne'er shall look upon her like again.

Where shall I end? But why should I end? It sooths my sorrows to think and write upon her virtues. On so copious a subject my thoughts flow as fast as my tears. Let me for a while turn my eyes to the other side of the leaf, her faults and foibles, and see whether I can draw from them any alleviation to my grief, which her virtues only augment
and

and aggravate. I knew her from her infancy, saw the first dawnings of virtue in her mind, and when I was afterwards connected with her in the closest bond of union, marriage, which generally breaks all the charms of delusion, by bringing distant objects to a nearer and truer point of view; it had the most happy effect with regard to her, by multiplying and magnifying her apparent virtues, and annihilating any apprehended faults. And I declare honestly, after thirteen years most happy union, and the fullest and strictest scrutiny, I have not found any fault in her. And such I trust she will appear in the sight of her God and judge, or at least with such human frailties only, as will meet with pardon from his mercy. Whatever therefore her faults and foibles were, as I know of none, I will leave them to her enemies to tell. I can now only feed on the remembrance of that scene of happiness which I enjoyed for above thirteen years, and which was never once in all that time, interrupted by the slightest difference, or clouded with the smallest shadow of discontent or dissatisfaction. But,

— all was full, possessing, and possess'd,
No craving void left aching in the breast.

Such

Such was our bliss, if bliss on earth can be,
And once the lot of my dear wife and me.

POPE.

If such was my happiness, and it is taken from me, what can I do better than live it over again, for the short remainder of my life, by a recital of all the principal circumstances of it, which will serve both for my present and future amusement? I can never want matter whilst memory remains. As my grief, though great, has never exceeded the bounds of reason and religion, I neither wish or desire it to be less. It is a pleasure and luxury which only can alleviate the loss. All arguments of consolation are vain and idle. I know the duty of patience and resignation to the divine will; I hope I do feel the force, and submit to it. But can it obliterate the memory of my former happiness? Nor do I desire it, for it would be tearing off the balm from my wound. I hope therefore I shall always retain and cherish in my mind the idea of my Charlotte's image, as the only remaining source of happiness left me, except her own daughter. If in her I shall retrace the lineaments, temper, disposition, softnesses,

softnesses, and virtues of the mother, that will be my greatest consolation.

Though I can find no consolation to my afflicted soul, yet I can find some pleasing reflections. Whilst she lived, she counted herself a happy woman, nor am I conscious, or was ever charged by her, of disturbing her happiness by any unkind behaviour. I lose her with a perfect persuasion of the contrary from every action and testimony of her life. In her last scenes, her care, solicitude, and attention seemed more directed to me than herself. Can any man of feeling forget such obligations? How happy must I feel in the consciousness and testimony of my heart, of meeting all her affection and kindness to me with equal ardor and measure? The whole pleasure and happiness of my life was centered in her. I did nothing but for her sake. Whether I built or planted, it was but to please her. I do not know that I ever quitted her, on the shortest engagement of business or pleasure, but that the pleasing reflection that I should soon return to her engrossed and seasoned the whole time of my

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absence;

absence; and however weary on my return, to her I first flew. Man and wife are said to be one flesh; I think too we were but one soul: such was the correspondence and harmony of our inclinations, desires, opinions, and thoughts. I can with truth say, that to her latest breath I loved her with the same degree of ardor and passion, that I did for the month preceding or succeeding marriage, nor was ashamed to shew it amongst our intimates, by all the fondnesses, assiduities, caresses, and attentions, which are so pleasing in domestic private scenes, but which are refrained from in company by all people of sense, as at least very uninteresting, and mostly disgustful to others. Indeed she possessed the various arts, or more properly, the natural qualities to please, and to keep alive all the passions of love, esteem, and friendship to that degree, that, according to my opinion,

Age could not wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety.

SHAKESPEAR.

Were a stranger, or some indifferent person, to read all this, he would be apt to cry out with Hamlet,

— Who

—— Who is this, whose grief
Bears such an emphasis?

Has nobody else ever lost a wife, and as amiable and worthy? Yes, doubtless, many. I neither monopolize grief and virtue to ourselves; nor, like another Quixote, extort from others any acknowledgment of our preheminance in them. I echo back only to myself my own 'griefs, and my own sense of the virtues of the subject of them. I carry my sorrows and misfortunes within my breast; not on the outside like a bedlamite or beggar for ostentation or compassion. I neither censure, condemn, or limit the grief of others,

Whom fate hath, or shall join,
In sad similitude of woe to mine.

They are as just and well founded. I only beg leave to indulge my own for the loss of one of the best of wives to me. Heaven, I hope, will pardon that weakness. For why has it implanted such tender passions in the human frame, and yet forbade us the exercise of them? I know the utmost force and extent of all arguments of consolation, which friends are so kindly officious to offer. They

can only teach us an acquiescence in the Divine Will, and the dispensations of Providence. I both feel the force of and submit readily to them without murmuring, or repining. But I hope and trust God requires nothing further. For as no arguments or charm of words can possibly stifle nature, or annihilate memory; though we must bear, yet must we also feel and remember our misfortunes. God has commanded us to love, cherish, and cleave to our wives, as one flesh. Is it possible therefore, that when that better part is taken from us, we should not feel and grieve for the separation? As well might a man cut off my right hand, and afterwards command the poor remaining stump not to bleed, but to perform all it's functions as before. I cannot but deem more highly of the father of all mercies; and so far from being offended, he cannot but be pleased with such tender effusions of the human soul. Even when I pour forth myself in prayer to him, I cannot refrain myself from tears, and confessing them to be my meat day and night, and praying his forgiveness if a sin, or his indulgence if a weakness. And whilst I
 keep

keep my sorrows within the bounds of reason, religion, and my own breast, I hope they will meet with favour in the sight of that God who seeth in secret. May the fountain never cease, but continue to send forth it's streams flowing fresh to the end of my existence, as affording a most pleasing though melancholy joy, which shall not be taken from me, till I arrive at that place where every sorrow shall be wiped away from our eyes for ever. This last extract from Holy Writ, and the record of Jesus weeping for his friend Lazarus, dart a gleam of hope on my soul, that we shall be permitted to indulge in the luxury of tears, the only alleviation of our misfortunes and miseries during this mortal life. I hope that in all the overflowings of my grief, I have not yet sinned or charged God foolishly in thought, word, or deed. If it was a sin to have loved her with the most entire and ardent affection, to have weaned my soul from all attachment to the pleasures, honours, and riches of this world, in order to fix all my earthly joy and happiness in her alone; then was I the greatest of sinners: for so I actually did. For what
friend

friend had I but her? and there was nothing upon earth I desired in comparison with her. Indeed I was so transported with my happiness, that in my letters to my friends, I have sometimes expressed myself too warmly perhaps, "That I was very well in all respects, except being almost wild and mad with my happiness." Possibly I might indulge myself too much in these ideas, and though I was not so presumptuous as to say aloud or within myself, "I shall never be cast down," yet perhaps, from the great disparity of our age, I did not sufficiently prepare myself for so fatal a reverse; which I should have done, from the consideration of the instability of all human happiness. But, at the same time, I call heaven to witness, with what thankfulness of heart I always acknowledged that inestimable blessing whilst I was in possession of her, though it did not much enter into my thoughts to embitter it, by anticipating and indulging fears and apprehensions of what possibly might or might not happen.

Before this severe blow, I always admired those fine sentiments and touches of that great painter of nature, Shakespear, on this subject,

subject, which may serve both as an apology for my weakness, and an answer to the kind well-meant consolations and condolences of my friends.

In Macbeth, Rosse tells Macduff,

Thy castle is surpriz'd, thy wife and babes
Savagely slaughter'd.

Malc. What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows.

Macd. He has no children.

Malc. Endure it like a man.

Macd. I shall :

But I must also feel it as a man.

I cannot but remember such things were,

That were most precious to me, &c.

A passage in King John is as pathetic.

The Cardinal Pandolpho, who by his intrigues had effected the death of young Arthur, says to the Lady Constance the mother, who had flown out into all the rage and excess of grief :

Pand. You hold too heinous a respect to grief.

Const. He talks to me that never lost a son.

What she says afterwards to King Philip, applies so sensibly to my own feelings, that I cannot help transcribing them, with one alteration only.

K. Ph. You are as fond of grief as of your child.

Const.

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Const.

Const. Grief fills the room up of my absent wife,
 Lyes in her bed, walks up and down with me,
 Puts on her pretty looks, repeats her words,
 Remembers me of all her gracious parts,
 Stuffs out her vacant garments with her form;
 Then have I reason to be fond of grief.
 Fare ye well. — Had you such a loss as I, &c. &c.

——— For, ah! nor poppy, nor mandragora,
 Nor all the drowsy syrups of the East,
 Can ever medicine me to that sweet sleep
 I ow'd with her. — Oft shall these aged eyes
 (Albeit unused to the melting mood)
 Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
 Their medicinal gums.

Te veniente Die, te decedente deslebo.

I shall close all this long digressive rhapsody on grief with this most consolatory of all reflexions:

That though she shall not return to me, I shall go to her.

As I draw up these memoirs as a kind of poor relief to my grief-sick mind, I shall enter into a more particular detail of my Charlotte's virtues, character, and conduct, as a legacy to our daughter. Possibly the life and actions of her mother, as recorded by her father, will make a more forcible impression on her mind, to form her manners on so amiable and perfect a model, than general

general precepts out of a book, though better imagined or expressed. I have not a wish for her to be other than her mother, nor any other prayer to God than that she may be like unto her.

Once more to thy sketch, my dearest Charlotte, I return with the greatest ardor and pleasure, after a short interruption from the vile cares and troubles of this world. Not that I would have thee think thou hast been scarce for a moment absent from my mental eye and memory. For how can I but remember thee, when I lie down in my bed, or when I rise up, when I sit down in my house, or when I walk out of it. Every object in nature, the sun, mountain, valley, wood, river, meadow, all remind me of the loss of her who once gilded all these scenes. Now, alas! they please no more; and I behold the garish sun, and the brightest skies, with indifference or gloom. *Tædet cæli convexa tueri.* How often do I tread the solitary mountain or sea-shore by day, and the silent vale by moonlight, to hold sweet converse with thy gentle spirit. I call out to thee, stretch out my arms, and, in the fran-

tic wildness of my grief, pray for one transient glimpse of thee in the air, or the holding out of thy hand to kiss. And though I rend not the mountains with my loud lamentations, yet do I almost break my heart with my silent and swelling sorrows. Happily they overflow through my eyes, which yield a pleasing though but a temporary relief, till some new occasion of recollection makes them flow afresh. In my addresses to the Deity, or when the swelling organs play, they break out in torrents beyond all restraint. As my love was great, so is my grief. I owe both to her, from gratitude and the excellency of her worth and virtue. She loved me, all unworthy as I was of it, with the most unbounded and unfeigned love, and it was returned in equal measure by me. Can such love between two cease immediately, without a proportionable grief in the breast of the survivor? For my part, I think increase of sorrow grows by what it feeds on; I feel it yet so, and though the lenient hand of time may abate, it can never extinguish or annihilate it. Whilst memory holds it's seat, it will ever present to me, as in a mirror, thy

virtues

virtues and graces. They were the delight of my eyes and joy of my heart whilst the temple wherein they were enshrined was standing ; nor do they shine with less lustre, but have rather acquired a bolder relief, now they have shuffled off this mortal coil. They brighten to my imagination upon every comparison. I see now thy placid countenance, thy composed look, thy elegant form, thy graceful manners, thy soft voice, thy enlivening conversation, which calmed every passion, soothed every care, and doubled every joy. Thou wast not only my companion and friend, but my guide and philosopher. To thee I flew for, and found counsel and comfort in all my troubles. When wavering with doubt, uncertainty, and irresolution, thy superior and almost unerring judgment determined me. When agitated by passions, to which my temper was too prone, thy calmness, moderation, and good sense, hushed them into peace. I owe to thee, not only the happiness, but, in a great measure, the good conduct of my life (how little soever it might be) for these last thirteen years. It is impossible to express the high opinion and

regard I have always, and still do entertain of both thy understanding and virtue. They have always appeared to me above the common standard of thy sex. I every moment now feel the want of thy guiding head and hand. It is nothing to me if others saw or acknowledged not thy excellencies. I knew and revered them. And yet thou wast almost universally beloved or esteemed. Indeed in all companies, either thy good sense, or the sweetness of thy manner, or thy humour, generally engaged their attention. Even the young and gay would address themselves to the grave and composed Mrs. Carter, who used to be called by some of them the Lady Serena. But this steadiness and composure was always tempered with a great vein of pleasant humour and vivacity. With a fancy ever new, yet her principles were fixed. As she formed her whole conduct on the firm base of religion and reason, nothing could make her deviate from her rules. No railery, or ridicule, or fashion, could shake her principles. Whatever she thought right, she persevered in the constant practice of. She had a high sense of religion, and practised the

the duties of it without pride, ostentation, superstition, or enthusiasm. She had an understanding capable of comprehending the great and general principles of religion, and wisdom enough to avoid reading all controversial books on unimportant speculative opinions and points, which she used to say might only serve to unhinge, instead of settling her mind, or mending her heart. In her presence the libertine and free-thinker always kept themselves within the bounds of decorum, not so much awed by any morose severity in her, as out of respect to her virtue and delicacy; to which they could easily perceive a different conversation would not be agreeable.

She was never to be laughed out of her sober old-fashioned maxims. She was constant to early and regular hours, plain and temperate in her diet, moderate in her amusements, true and faithful to her friends, not only towards her equals, but her most humble ones; whom she never blinked or cut (according to the fashionable phrase and mode) because they were poor, or old, or ugly, or vulgar, or unfashionable. She could not only

only parry off, with humour and a good grace, the raillery of her very few fine fashionable friends, for her early going to and departing from the Pantheon, Ranelagh, the play, or opera, but had the secret satisfaction of seeing some of those very fine folks, not only adopting her plans, but even soliciting to be of her party. The same thing happened with regard to her dress, which, as it never in any thing went to the extremity of the fashion, would sometimes be, in a good-natured way, ridiculed by the high ton. But as it was always extremely elegant, genteel, and becoming, was universally admired, and frequently copied by the very laughers. As she never despised the lowest of her acquaintance as such, so she never courted that of the highest merely for their rank. Indeed she rather declined, or at least was not solicitous to seek that honour; not from any pride, bashfulness, rusticity, or awkwardness, but as unsuitable to her humour and walk in life. Their ways were not like her ways. But had she been thrown by chance into a circle of dutchesses, she would neither have discredited them or herself.

Such

Such was her strong sense, her composure, the gentleness of her manners, the gracefulness of her carriage, that she generally won the attention and esteem of the company; nor did I ever see her, on any occasion, in the highest mirth and pleasure, lose her head and understanding so far, as to be guilty of the least impropriety either in her conversation or behaviour. Though this seems to imply but a negative kind of merit, yet is it to me a very strong indication and proof of wisdom in either man or woman. She was perfectly free from the least tincture of envy, vanity, and affectation. Being fully content and happy in herself, there was no room for the first in her breast, and her real and solid virtues needed not the latter to set them off.

The only foible I can attribute to her was timidity. She had an aversion to a cat, and was more afraid of a frog, toad, rat, or spider, than was consistent with reason, or even her own good sense; but in this she was not affected, or carried it to a ridiculous excess. Her brother Sir J. Nelthorpe and I used often to rally her on this, and call her Henry
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the Fifth, and say what a loss the army and navy had sustained in her being born a woman. As Sir John was much of the same humour and disposition, and very fond of her, he used to take delight in plaguing and teasing, or, as he called it in the school phrase, badgering her in her dressing-room for hours together. With all her gravity, she had a great deal of droll sauciness and playful mischief, which often created much harmless diversion. She had one talent quite peculiar to herself, which I do not know what to call; the French would call it *niaiserie*, or *badinage*, or *bagatelle*, but in English, for want of a better single term to express it by, I would call it periphrastically, the art of talking agreeable family nonsense. To give some idea of it, it was something in the style of Swift's Journal Letters to Stella, though not borrowed from thence, being used before she ever read those letters. It consisted of abbreviations, cant words, expressions, and language, which though very significant, agreeable, and droll to those who knew it, yet would lose all its flavour and spirit if used to others; and therefore this particular

particular language was always confined within her own dressing-room, and the circle of her family, or very select friends. And after she had been indulging herself in this agreeable nonsense, she would say, "You see I have been a very foolish nonsense woman now, but you shall see how prettily and sensibly I can behave before company," where she never introduced *mal-a-propos* this to them unintelligible jargon, however laughable among ourselves. Her manner too gave some additional grace and meaning to it, but both the matter and the manner are undescrivable. She was always so even tempered and chearful that it was impossible to be ever dull in her company.

Though framed and calculated for domestic life even to enliven solitude, yet she did not dislike company, and was a great promoter of innocent mirth and amusements. Her house was always full of company, who were entertained with ease and elegance without solemnity and magnificence, and with plenty without profusion. With a constant flow of company, she was never put out of her way or plan of regular hours, with which all with great politeness,

and many with pleasure complied. Whilst the day was devoted to sports for the gentlemen, the evenings generally concluded with dancing and musical parties. She has often played on the harpsichord for an hour or two to a private set of dancers, when a fidler could not be got. Though she played and sung very well, and excelled in dancing with grace and ease, yet she could never be prevailed upon to exhibit any of these accomplishments in public, or even before company. To dance, she thought, was an incroachment on the unmarried misses' privileges, and therefore never would dance at assemblies, except two or three dances now and then. She instituted at Redbourn a kind of annual village feast, or *Fête Champêtre*, to which all the tenants and cottagers with their wives and families were invited. The cottagers with their families dined either *al fresco* in fine weather, or under cover in bad, and the farmers with theirs in the house, in all to the number of one hundred and forty, or one hundred and fifty. In the afternoon till the evening, the company were entertained with various sports of running, wrestling, jumping in sacks, &c. with prizes to the victors

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in the several games. The first was given on the 20th of April, her daughter Charlotte's birth day, but it was afterwards transferred, for convenience, into a harvest home in October, when we were generally at Redbourn. For these last five or six years, we have spent three summer months at Bathafern in Denbighshire, where we lived in all good society and hospitality with our neighbours, receiving all who pleased to honour us with their company. Here the gentry were so thick and numerous, that by her advice and judgment, which I always followed, we appointed two days in a week, viz. Saturday and Sunday, for receiving company, which we had the satisfaction to find was not disagreeable to our neighbours, and very convenient to us; for by this means we had both some time to ourselves and to return visits, which would have been impossible upon the plan of receiving company singly and separately, as they dropped in from so large a neighbourhood. They were always received with good manners, good humour, attention, and politeness, and after dinner were often split (as the company on those days generally amounted to be-

tween fifteen and twenty-five) into parties of tea at the house, or at the Nant, a summer house in the mountains, about half or a mile off, a very romantic place, and where we often dined in parties, and once gave a dinner, ball, and supper to about fifty of our neighbours. I flatter myself that Mrs. Carter by her affability gained the good will, esteem, and friendship of all her neighbours, to whom she returned visits with the utmost punctuality her time would admit of to so many, dining with some, breakfasting and drinking tea with others to whom it was more convenient, and shewing every other mark of civility to all. There were but two families in all that great neighbourhood who were shy, distant, and in form to visit us in an afternoon, for which perhaps they had their reasons, which we did not enter into, or were piqued at, leaving all to act as they pleased. Some say they were so fine, as not to like to meet a promiscuous company on a *public day*, though they were only their neighbours, and such as we thought very genteel and creditable people. I flatter myself that many in that distant country will lament

lament and feel the loss of Mrs. Carter, as a sensible, agreeable, and sociable acquaintance and neighbour. She always took some of her relations or friends along with her to share in the pleasures of Bathafern; for she was kind, benevolent, and communicative.

Her charity and liberality were also equal to her sociability and hospitality. In her the poor have lost a friend; ever attentive and ready to relieve their wants and necessities, not only with her money, but her advice, medicines, counsel, and personal visits, pleading earnestly often even for the unworthy. She never checked, but always approved and encouraged any efforts of mine that way. She was continually making genteel presents to her relations and friends. Her spirit was liberal in the highest degree, but governed by good sense, so as not to run into prodigality and waste. She had not the least idea of saving, or making what is called a private purse. Though she knew her prudence might command whatever money she pleased, and though she took what she thought sufficient for her own and these other charitable and benevolent uses, yet would she often refuse it,

it, for fear (as she used to say in her humorous way) of making an extravagant figure in the *black book*, meaning my accounts, where I entered those articles under the signature to MDCCT.

She shone also in the female department of oeconomics, or the management of her household, which was conducted with the greatest regularity. As she always rose early, she was never in a hurry or bustle; she had time to say her prayers, dress her hair (for in that and in every article of dress, she was neat and cleanly to the greatest degree) and to give all the necessary orders for the kitchen for the whole day, and still to be ready for breakfast at nine, so that there was no appearance or affected parade in the ordering of her domestic concerns. And yet she was very clever and skilful, not only in laying in sufficient stores of provision for the house, but also in the use of them. *Simplex munditiis*, or simplicity with elegance, might be the motto both for her dress and her table; and *mitis sapientia* for her temper and understanding. Her guests generally gave ample testimony of their approbation of it. She never affected to give high or made
dishes

dishes, or was in the least carried away with that idlest and most vulgar of all vanities, which one too often sees, that of vying with others in giving great and grand dinners. Her point was to give a good common eating dinner, well dressed, and neatly served; nor did she ever give solemn hecatombs to large and crowded companies in town. The plan was only a family dinner to a small select party, perfectly acquainted with each other, never exceeding six or eight, and sufficient at all times in case two or three intimates might drop in. By this means ease and freedom, and society, and conversation reigned at the table, instead of formality, distance, distrust, suspicion, forced and insipid conversation, affected civility, and a real wish to separate from one another as soon as possible, which are too often the attendants on large, mixed, and ill sorted companies in high palaces.

Neither was she actuated by the love of pleasure, or the love of sway, two principles which, as a great poet has said, divide the sex. She was exceedingly temperate and moderate in the enjoyment of the former, and without the least ambition for the latter. If she

she ruled (as she certainly did) it was by obeying; her yoke was easy, and her government sure the mildest and gentlest upon earth. She liked amusements and diversions, but in a sober and quiet way; one or two plays, five or six operas and Pantheons were sufficient for her in a season. She latterly grew very indifferent as to plays and operas. Ranelagh was her favourite diversion, to which she went very frequently, but at such unfashionable hours as to shock all the ton; for she would be there by eight, drink her tea soon after, and was off always before or soon after eleven, without dragging about that eternal mill, till every sense, and even that of pleasure ever on the wing was asleep. By this means she had always easy access and recess, came home unjaded to a *petit souper*, and to bed, and enabled to rise the next morning early with vigour, for the duties or the idle business of life. To be sure, I must confess, on our retreat, never later than a quarter past eleven, we encountered volleys of wit and raillery from our few tonish acquaintance, whom we might meet on their entrance into the room, either in the passage

page

sage, the house, or avenues, which was returned with as good a countenance as we could put on. This puts me in mind of what happened at one of our Ranelagh parties. On our departure thence one evening about eleven, in the gallery leading to the room, we met a party of ladies (the youngest not less than sixty) cantering down and tittering like girls of sixteen; upon which I said (loud enough for them to hear) to a young lady of our party, " Pray Miss —, lend me your fan to whip these old beldames back to their beds; for what should gravity do out of their beds at this time of night?

I had always the pleasure of being of her party to all public places, for she never would go without me. For we were all the world to each other. This was very unfashionable. Her conversation at them was infinitely droll and entertaining. Her chief view in going to operas and concerts was to see and know by sight a little of the *grand monde*, to which her love and taste for music was only subordinate. She had a quick eye, and a most acute discernment, for making remarks and observations. She quickly

saw through the ridiculous or absurd in every remarkable figure, and possessed a peculiar talent of setting them off, not in an ill-natured but humourous way. For to the wisdom of the serpent, and the quick sightedness of the lynx, she added the harmlessness of the dove. Whatever her private opinions and remarks were, she never said or did any thing to offend or affront, either as to the matter or the manner. But though she suppressed what she thought when unfavourable, yet she never said the thing she did not think to please or flatter any.

Be this one woman's praise,
That if she pleas'd, she pleas'd by manly ways.

She never sacrificed her truth, candour, or sincerity to the vain or great.

"To virtue only, and it's friends a friend,"

She was perfectly indifferent to the applause, acquaintance, or friendship of the rest of the world. Secure of her own and her family's and friends' esteem, she sought not eagerly or solicitously for that of others. If she met with any undeserved neglect, contempt, or ill treatment (and, strange to tell, the

the meek, the mild, the inoffensive Mrs. Carter did meet with such) though she bore it with patience, and without notice, or the least resentment, yet was she not insensible to it. And as to the friendship or gratitude of the young, gay, giddy, fluttering, fickle votaries of fashion, fortune, whim, caprice, and ton, so far from expecting, that she used in her droll humourous way to decline, and laugh at every idea of any connexion with them. She always avoided large parties; they seldom consisted of more than her own family, with two or three more of her sober and humble friends.

I have mentioned her great acuteness and penetration into characters. I do not mean their external foibles, oddities, and absurdities only, but their internal humours, inclinations, and principles. Indeed her sagacity in this was extraordinary, and almost intuitive. But still I fear this is the knowledge, the increase of which, the wise man says, increaseth sorrow, though it had not that effect with her, who had but little to do with the world. Neither is it a knowledge upon which any have reason to pique them-

selves. For I often see this gift of the discernment of spirits bestowed on the dull and simple, rather than on the wise or witty. I can very easily account for the want of it in the latter, leaving to others the investigation of the cause, why it is sometimes denied to the former. The witty are so full of themselves, and so eager to display all their own talents, as to have no time to attend to or observe the tempers, dispositions, or characters of others, which observation is well illustrated by a story in Helvetius. A lady of great wit, learning, and vivacity, having heard a high character of a gentleman for the same qualities, desired her friends to bring about a meeting. He was accordingly introduced to her, but from the beginning to the end of the visit, she engrossed the whole conversation to herself, delivering her opinion upon all possible things, and displaying all her learning, without giving the gentleman an opportunity of putting in one single word the whole time. Thus they met, and thus they parted. Being asked afterwards how she liked him, she declared, he was the most agreeable and most learned man she had ever conversed with.

with. The generality of the world go no deeper than the surface, take all things just as they appear, and think every body very good natured and worthy, provided they flatter their vanity, humour their indolence, or any way contribute to their pleasure or advantage. Whereas, how often to the discerning eye does seeming civility appear in it's true light of impertinence; complaisance, of flattery; humility, of pride; modesty, of impudence. But though she saw through, and scorned all the false appearances of it, she loved and esteemed true, genuine, unaffected virtue wherever she found it. Swift somewhere says,

(Who always speaks his thought,
And always thinks the very thing he ought.)

'Tis an old maxim in the schools,
That flattery's the food of fools:

Yet now and then your men of wit
Will condescend to take a bit.

Now as Mrs. Carter was neither a fool, nor a wit, and perfectly free from that idle species of vanity, which seeks for universal applause and admiration, so far from requiring, she rather loathed the food of it, flattery. Nor can it be accounted for otherwise, how sometimes people of the best sense will
take

take in any nonsense under the disguise of flattery, and be the arrantest dupes to coxcombs, fools, fops, and flatterers, but only (as a friend of mine, who loved the bombast, used to say) because they furnish their vanity with most noble recruits. The scripture explains the whole matter better. Ye suffer fools gladly, seeing ye yourselves are wise, i. e. fancy yourselves so. See also the Sentimental Journal, article The Riddle. I am called off, (and it is high time) from this digression, by some beautiful lines I have just now read, which as they apply to my case, and are in unison with my own feelings, I cannot resist the pleasure of transcribing, with some little alterations, from Monsieur De la Fontaine's fable of the two doves.

Epoux, heureux Epoux, voulez-vous voyager ?
 Que ce soit aux Rives prochaines.
 Soiez-vous l'un à l'autre un Monde toujours beau,
 Toujours divers, toujours nouveau ;
 Tenez-vous lieu de tout, contez pour rien le reste ;
Helas. J'ai eu une Femme ; je n'aurois pas alors,
 Contre le Louvre & ses Tresors,
 Contre le Firmament, & sa Voute celeste,
 Changè les Bois, changè les Lieux,
 Honorez par les Pas, éclairez par les Yeux
 De l'aimable & jeune *Epouse*,

Pour

Pour qui, sous *Les Liens d'Hymen*
 Je servis engagé par mes premiers Sermons.
 Hélas ! Quand reviendront de semblables Momens ?
Je ne sentirai plus de Charme qui me peut arrêter ;
J'ai passé le Temps, & perdu le Gout d'aimer.

2 Fable. 3 Livre, 2 Part.

Je ne dirai point absolument qu'elle étoit
 une femme comme il n'y en a pas, mais en
 vérité je crois, qu'elle étoit une femme, com-
 me il y en a peu.

Redbourn, 29th June, 1780. This day re-
 turned here, accompanied by Sir J. Nelthorpe,
 the melancholy remains of that party, which
 left it in the most perfect enjoyment of all
 human happiness, 11th December 1779.
 The sun shone in the brightest splendour, and
 every thing looked gay, pleasant, and cheer-
 ful. What ailed thee, O Redbourn ! that
 thou shouldest look so, and not sympathize
 with thy master, who surveyed thy little sce-
 nery, not only without pleasure, but even
 with gloom and sadness, reflecting that both
 had lost their pride and glory ? But so true
 and infallible are the sayings of holy scrip-
 ture, that the place thereof shall know it's
 possessors no more. Though thy little beau-
 ties

ties have prematurely closed on the eyes of thy loving and beloved mistress, and must, ere long, maturely on thy present tenant, yet shall we leave with less regret thy pleasant fields and woods, with the hopes of our posterity enjoying thy lawns and shades, and of ourselves passing to the ethereal fields and mansions of glory. For what but the real evils of this life, and the hopes of the happiness of a future, could reconcile us to

Leave the warm precincts of the chearful day,
To worms, forgetfulness, a prey.

For if in this life only we had hopes, not only our ashes, but our virtues would be mingled in the common mass of nature or matter.

Say, was it virtue (more tho' heaven ne'er gave)
Sunk thee, lamented Charlotte, to thy grave?

No! It is the decree of Divine Providence, which hath appointed unto all men to die, the wise and good, as well as the ignorant and foolish. And those who believe in such a governing principle of the world, must submit

mit to all its dispensations, not only out of duty and necessity, but even willingly and chearfully, if they believe also in the further revelations of its will and designs, as to a future state. Without taking the whole into the account, one would be too apt to exclaim with the great Brutus, O virtue! What art thou but a name? Or with the greater apostle, The most virtuous are the most miserable, if in this life only they had hope. So that revelation is the only light which shineth in this very dark place beyond human life, and serves as a lanthorn to our feet to guide us through the *shadow* of the valley of death.

Methinks I hear thee cry from that place from whence no traveller returns, "Mourn not for me, but mourn for yourself." I certainly do so. I cannot mourn for thee. Thou wast not only happy, but virtuous in thy life, and therefore cannot at all events be unhappy in thy death. Perhaps though premature, it might be a fortunate circumstance. For who can tell what evils and calamities thou hast avoided, which among the manifold changes and chances of this mortal life often overcast the brightest day? Let us not then

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look upon that as an evil, which only may appear so to our blindness, but rather submit ourselves, as

Safe in the hand of the Almighty power,
Or in the natal or the mortal hour.
Hope humbly then, on trembling pinions soar,
Wait the great teacher death, and God adore.

Amidst the infinite whirl of thought, I often think what would be thy sensations, if in thy present state, thou hast any knowledge of thy afflicted husband. Thou wouldst be both pleased with, and grieved for his sorrows; pleased at the cause, and sorry for the effect of them to such an excess. I have reason to think that in thy last scenes, thou didst suppress and dissemble thy feelings to avoid giving me pain, and to keep up my hopes. Can I ever forget how thou didst enquire whether the boxes ordered for me were made; how thou hadst them brought to thy bed, and with what raptures thou didst kiss them, in token of the excessive love thou didst bear, and the tender care and regard thou hadst for the health of the wearer? And I know that either fearing or feeling the event, thou didst engage a gentleman to continue with me at
my

my house, to administer to me some comfort and consolation, which thou knewest I should want on such a melancholy occasion, as thou wast fully sensible I loved thee much. What amazing strong proofs of thy love, attention, and regard, to thy husband in such an hour! I cannot but feel myself happy in the thought of having either merited or obtained such marks of affection from so distinguished and distinguishing a woman. Upon the whole I mourn, not for that thou art gone, but that I am left behind, forlorn, destitute, and afflicted; and that we should be divided in our deaths, who were so closely united in our lives. Would it had been the will of heaven to have joined us in our deaths, I had myself been extremely ill of a violent cold for a fortnight or three weeks, during all which time she nursed and attended me with the greatest assiduity and tenderness imaginable, lay in the same room, and would leave her bed,

And dare the vile contagion of the night,
 And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air,
 to give me my medicines and broths, in spite
 of all my remonstrances against exposing her-

self to such dangers. Soon after my recovery, she fell ill. She rose on Sunday morning the 30th of January, after an uneasy night's rest, with her face and head much swelled on one side, and a violent pain in her ear. Though I lay no stress upon such things further than as the effects of distemperature, I cannot forbear relating, that at breakfast she told us, that she had a most uneasy night's rest, and a most frightful dream, viz. that she was in the vault with her mother, who bid her go to her own at Redbourn. It was only mentioned as a dream, and as such passed off without any further notice or remembrance. Her complaint was thought only a violent cold, and as such, she ordered a surgeon to cup her, which operation not succeeding very well, she was bled by leeches. The pain still continuing, I sent for Dr. Cullen, who thought he had restored her so far to health in a few days, as to discontinue his visits. But alas! she relapsed in a day, and then Dr. Cullen declaring his wish of further assistance, Dr. Black was called in. Yet notwithstanding the utmost skill and efforts of these two gentlemen, highly eminent in their profession,

profession, and who shewed the greatest humanity and anxiety for their patient, visiting her either separately or jointly, never seldomer than five times a day, and two or three times flattered with the most pleasing hopes of a recovery by some lucid intervals for a day or two from the violence or virulence of her disorder, during which she indulged and shewed her usual humour and cheerfulness, she expired at one o'clock in the morning, of the 8th of March 1780, to my inexpressible grief and concern. It was no shock, having undergone a long preparation for the event. I had all along feared it, contrary either to the opinions, or the declarations of the doctors and their stop watches. The Sunday before (viz. the 5th) they had told several that enquired, that they thought her past danger. And indeed, on the 4th, I had myself (though before always despairing from her relapses, and the little advance gained upon any favourable turn) conceived some too sanguine hopes of her recovery. Though I have the highest opinion of the abilities, and the greatest obligation and sense of the humanity of the Doctors Cullen and Black,

Black, yet I am persuaded they did not thoroughly understand the case. Indeed they in a manner owned it, by saying it was a very singular one. Perhaps after all (though I own I do not think so) it was a case beyond the power of medicine, or at least the present bounds of human knowledge in that art. I believe her disorder was a violent fit of the scurvy (to which she was subject) which first affected her head, and then struck on her brain, which brought on a comatous or lethargic state for two or three days together, from which blisters, sinapisms, issues, bark, &c. gave but a short temporary relief for twenty-four or forty-eight hours. That it made some efforts to throw itself off by short flushings or eruptions in the face like St. Anthony's fire, and a violent apthæ, or thrush, in the mouth and throat. But the defluxion of phlegm from the latter was so great, that it choaked the springs of life; nature, in her then exhausted state, being too weak to discharge and carry it off. This is altogether my own private theory of the nature of her case, as I could not upon all enquiry get any thing out of the doctors
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than that it was a very singular case, of which they had never seen the like, and one of them hinted the possibility of water in her head. I often took the liberty to tell them, with all due deference, in the course of her illness, that they did not seem to know or reach her complaint; for though I allowed their medicines and applications to have produced some effect, yet it was too inconsiderable and transient to found any solid hopes upon. Besides Dr. Cullen and Dr. Black, I had also the assistance of another young gentleman, a student in physic in that University for three or four years, and who graduated in June following, a Mr. Jones, who was so humane and obliging as to come into my house, and gave her the medicines every day and night, with the greatest care and assiduity.

Her behaviour during all the awful scene of her illness was as usual, composed, serene, placid, resigned, and when a little better, pleasant and droll. She never lost her senses or her spirits. Her conversation one day was a little wild and rambling, when she talked of Miss Cullen's coming to drink tea with her; another day her spirits were so low,

low, that she said to me, "Bob, I hope you don't pray for my recovery, for I had rather die than suffer what I feel." At all other times, when the lethargic fit was not upon her, she was not only very sensible, but even full of humour to all. When Mr. Jones told her one day that her eyes looked very bright and lively, she replied, I believe you think you are talking to Lady Wallace, (a celebrated beauty at Edinburgh) I have not had so fine a compliment paid me this long while. Taking hold of her hand with mine, I asked if she knew whose hand it was? Know it, says she, kissing it; ay, surely, very well, if it had not been for this hand, I should have been dead long since. I can now only hope her pains and sufferings were not very great, though she must certainly at times have felt a great deal, as she often complained of a violent pain in her head, which she used to get her maid to hold very hard and tight.

And now, my dear remaining Charlotte, (whom God long preserve) let me address myself to you, for whose use and benefit these rude desultory memoirs are chiefly intended.

tended. Let me beseech you to bear in remembrance, or recall to it as much as possible, the idea and image of your most tender and loving mother. Figure to yourself every feature of her face, all her pretty ways and manners, and, as much as possible, try to form yourself according to so perfect a model. Imitate and copy her in every thing implicitly, and you never can err or go wrong. In every doubt, ask your own heart, how you think your mother, if alive, would wish you to act; and let that determine you. I can assure you I have so high an opinion of her good sense and wisdom, that I shall propose it as my rule of conduct throughout the whole future, whether long or short course of my life. Let the care, attention, tenderness, affection, and good nature, with which she has superintended your health and education, excite you to love and reverence her memory, and to follow her bright example. She never indulged herself in any negligence of dress, in any vain, affected, trifling conversation, in any levity of behaviour, in the *pains and penalties* of idleness, or in any awkward vulgar postures, gestures,

or attitudes; and yet there was nothing stiff or constrained in her carriage and behaviour, but every thing she said or did was accompanied with a peculiar grace, ease and elegance. She strictly observed all the rules of decorum without moroseness or prudery, and was affable and pleasant, without being pert, noisy, or vulgar. In short, she preserved a dignity and decency in all her conduct.

You cannot have forgot her mild and gentle manner of treating you. For these three or four years, she was rather as a playful sister to you than a rigid mother. She never chid or corrected you either in anger or with severity. It was all pleasantry and good humour. Her manner in your education appeared to me, as indeed in every thing else, most admirable, and peculiarly her own. Being of a mild disposition, she was never provoked to punish with harshness the greatest faults, and as to little ones, she took the best, and perhaps the most effectual method, to laugh you out of them, by shewing them to you in a ridiculous point of view. Whenever you jabbered, or talked loud, or hoydened, or used any vulgar or aukward gesture

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tures or attitudes, being an excellent mimic, she took you off in them, and exhibited them back to you again, that you might see the ungracefulness and impropriety of them in others, and by that means correct them in yourself. As it is impossible to describe, I can only recommend to your recollection, all her pretty ways and playful tricks, even to making comical faces, which nevertheless were very becoming in her, as natural and her own, but which would fit very awkwardly upon others, who attempted to imitate them. We can never do any thing with grace, if we quit the path of nature and enter that of affectation. In her was concentrated a wonderful composition of great seriousness with great vivacity and humour. She sowed the seeds of religion in your mind, as far as your tender age was capable of receiving them, which I hope will grow up and increase in you, both to your happiness in this world and the next. She was also very attentive to every other branch of your education, and also to your health, in all which I think she has discharged her duty with fidelity and success. She used every means to cure the defect in

your speech, even to the carrying you to that ignorant and illiterate quack, and more than Jewish extortioner, Mr. Braidwood. ^a In that affair, we were both drawn into making that experiment, more from a sense of our duty to try all things for your benefit, and his falsely reputed fame in curing defects of speech, than from any opinion we had ourselves of his talents or abilities that way, and in which, after a very short trial and knowledge of him, we were soon perfectly undeceived, though not of his dishonesty and rapacity till the last. I entirely coincide with your mother's opinion and judgment, that without a boarding-school or French governess, under the superintendence and by the instructions of your parents, together with the assistance of reading, writing, music, and dancing masters, according as we could get opportunity of having them in town and the country, for the external and ornamental parts of it, you might receive as compleat and accomplished an education, as your rank and fortune would require. But all this did, and does still, depend upon the degree of attention you will be

*a See de la Fontaines Charlatan
19 Feb: 6 Book*

be pleased to give to such opportunities and advantages of improvement, and I hope you will do every thing in your power not to disappoint the fond hopes and expectations of your kind deceased mother, and your surviving disconsolate father, who can now promise himself no other ray of comfort, than from the welfare and happiness of his daughter.

You cannot have forgot your mother's great care of and attention to your health. She accustomed you to cold bathing from your infancy, by means of which, and a moderate use of medicines at proper times, you have, by God's blessing, hitherto enjoyed an uncommon share of health, strength, and vigour. In the summer she always took you to some sea bathing place (commonly Burlington in Yorkshire) from which you always received great benefit to your health and spirits. Indeed her conduct and management of you in this particular, as in every thing, has appeared to be excellent. Amongst her many qualifications, I think she possessed no small degree of knowledge and skill in the common practice

tice of medicine. I do not pretend to assert that she knew it scientifically, though she had read many plain medical authors, such as Tissot, Buchan, Cheyney, Dover, &c. in such a manner, as to have acquired a tolerable skill in the application of common family medicines. Her materia medica did not take in a vast compass, and was chiefly confined to rhubarb, magnesia, the bark, James's powder, and a few more. By a due administration of these, she was an excellent family and village physician, so that I can safely say she not only did no harm, but that she did much good. Though I may subject myself to the sneer of fond uxorious partiality, yet I declare I had so high an opinion of her skill and sagacity, that upon all common occasions I put myself entirely under her hands, and implicitly followed her directions, and have had good reason to think myself much the better for it. But whatever benefit I received in bodily health from her careful and judicious management of it, it was nothing in comparison of that peace of mind and happiness I enjoyed in her engaging conversation, her gentle manners, and tender affection.

After

After this (which will be thought overstrained) eulogium of her physical talents, it may not be improper to declare my general opinion on the subject of physic. I fear our whole knowledge in that science is confined to a very narrow compass, to a few medicines, and to a few common cases. I wish woeful experience, and particularly the event I now deplore, did not bear me out in this assertion. I formerly studied and went through courses of some branches of it. The theory is very specious, the diseases most accurately described, and medicines most efficaciously applied. But, alas! after this great work is done, and we have perfected ourselves in the theory of diseases, and their cures, when we come to practice, our systematical rules fail, and nature baffles all our art. The human frame is often too dark a lanthorn for the most learned and scientific professors to penetrate and look through. And though I would not by any means run into the vulgar and illiberal error of depreciating any kind of learning, and particularly medicine, which has gained much by the labours and studies of the learned, yet I do verily believe that neither the
bookish

bookish theorist, nor most experienced practitioner, know quite so much as they affect or really believe they do. So that upon the whole, when I speak of Mrs. Carter's skill in physic, I mean no more than that she had as much knowledge in common disorders, and the common applications to them, as falls to the share of a good sensible apothecary, and many other Lady Bountifuls who practise on the poor.

I should be sorry to have touched on the foregoing topic, (not that it is false, but because I fear it would have displeased her) if it had not opened to me an opportunity of defcating more at large on two virtues which she possessed in a high degree, but which I think very rare and uncommon in this age, I mean her great modesty and sincerity. I know she disclaimed every pretence to any virtue or merit. But is that a reason why she should be deprived of the praise (the only reward) due to what she possessed? She never pretended to superiority, or even excellence in any thing. She was ever meek, humble, modest, and diffident. Never forward, pert, noisy, loud, assuming or decisive, never carried away
by

by the itch or lust of praise, or the ambition of shining in company, or solicitous to catch the applause, admiration, or even the acquaintance and friendship of the world. How often have I known and seen her at her own house and table, give up the conversation and her privilege of entertaining her own company to others, who were fond of talking and shewing away, and leave them to tell their own stories, or even to finish what she had began, and to take the whole lead in the conversation. Indeed I have not thought it either respectful or advantageous; for though we clergy are not allowed the least pretensions to politeness, either in our conversation, or practice, yet I cannot but think that those who pretend to high birth and high breeding, sometimes extremely deficient in the most essential point of good manners, viz. attention to others. For after having deposed good sense, sincerity, and such like old fashionable qualities, what do they substitute in their stead? An unintelligible jargon of cant words and phrases of what was said by this lord, or that lady, without sense or humour, but yet carried on between two or three of the bon
K ton,

ton in so smart and facetious a manner, as scarce to be heard, or if heard, not understood by the vulgar part of the company. At the same time there passes such a discharge and volley of fulsome indiscriminate compliments, overstrained civility, violent, and insincere professions of attachment and regard; that my poor Cordelia would often with a heart full fraught with real benevolence and friendship, sit silent, and smiling inwardly, like patience, at the idle skimble scamble stuff which takes with the generality of the world. I have often, upon many occasions, called her my Cordelia, from a to me seeming strong familiarity of disposition, and particularly in the modesty of her professions of love and friendship. She was never guilty of simulation, dissimulation, or any kind of fashionable deceit. She never aimed at appearing what she was not, never expressed or professed more than she meant, generally less. But these kind of delicate traits in a character, are commonly lost with the generality, that is to say, the undiscerning part of mankind, who judge from appearance, more than from fact and reality. I am sorry on this subject to have

been drawn off from my professed plan and design at first setting out, which was to draw her virtues and excellencies, without touching on the defects or foibles of others, but there was a difficulty of mentioning one side without contrasting it with its opposite.

I shall now to avoid falling into a repetition of the same topics, amuse myself and you my dear Charlotte, with a short historical account of our loves and life. She was the daughter and eldest child of Sir Henry Nelthorpe of Barton Lincolnshire, by his second wife, and born the 29th of January, 1742. I was at that time twenty-two years of age. In the year and rebellion of 1745, I was the late Earl of Scarborough's Lieutenant in the Lincolnshire Provincial Regiment, raised on that emergency. As there was an intimacy between our families, I had opportunities of seeing her in our marches, and counter-marches at that time, and as I have been told since, used often to say in a jocular way, that I would marry her, so that it seems as if I had marked her for my wife from her cradle. I suppose I saw something very pleasing in her. And when I saw her afterwards

at a boarding-school, when she was only eleven or twelve years old, I must confess to own my weakness, I was so taken with the mildness of her temper, the gentleness, and also gentility of her manners, that I began to conceive a tenderness or passion, which increased with her years and never abated. It is true, the very great disparity in our age did in some measure check, though by no means chilled the ardor of my *tendresse* for her. It is no wonder that a man of near forty should like a blooming young virgin of eighteen, but it is very extraordinary that such a girl should make such a man the real object of her choice and inclination; and yet I have heard her since frequently declare (and she was truth and sincerity itself) that I was so from her earliest years. However it is plain, that our mutual liking, and inclination, and esteem, was founded on the reciprocal good opinion we had of each other's temper, dispositions, and qualities of our hearts and minds. Neither interest, nor any undue motive, could have influenced either of us at that time in such an affair. I believe it was the congeniality of our souls. How-
ever

ver, the great disparity of our ages, as well as the want of fortune and preferment on my side, the fear of the disapprobation of my family, and the sneers of the world on so disproportionate a match, and other as unimportant considerations, made me keep for some years on the reserve as to any declaration, or even particularities: but which last my fondness and partiality to her did not sufficiently guard me against. For such kind of attachments are sufficiently understood by the least acute discerners, without any express manifesto, especially in those whose eyes and hearts are in unison. Her brother Woolmer took an opportunity once (I suppose by her own or her mother's desire) to sound my intentions on that subject. I made the greatest protestations of regard and liking, and even my wishes to make her mine, but that my situation and circumstances would not permit me to enter into any promise or engagement. Here my heart smites me for this part of my conduct towards her. For though I entertained the same opinion, regard, and love for her as ever, and never in my mind abandoned my design, yet I thought
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by this to have left her open to any other better offers, and yet keep myself for her when my condition would better admit of it. However I have reason to think, that this answer not only made her relinquish a hope she had flattered herself with, but was a great disappointment, and I fear the cause of much uneasiness of mind to her, and made her give an ear to another proposal, which would not have been advantageous, but which she immediately gave up on her family's disapprobation. God forgive me for this only wrong I did unintentionally to so worthy, mild, gentle, and amiable a young creature. I have obtained her forgiveness of my ungentleness (to give it no harsher name, which perhaps it deserved) and atoned fully for it I hope by all my conduct to her afterwards. Many little pieces of gallantry had passed between us. She drew a watch paper for me. To shew my uniform sentiments on her from that day to this, I wrote on the back of it the following verses :

Oh ! cou'd I draw the portrait of her mind,
 Whose hands this landscape's fair expanse design'd;
 I'd draw it easy, chearful, and serene,
 Good sense enshrin'd within a pleasing mien.

And

And every grace that can adorn the mind,
By decency and elegance refin'd.

At another time, to shew the struggle and combat in my mind between love and prudence, I sent her the song and music of

Fair Phœbe I left with a cautious design, &c.

I frequently made her little presents, more as tokens of the continuance of my regard for her, than earnest of any engagement. In all this long doubtful affair between us, I must confess I acted but very weakly, and she with the greatest propriety, decency, decorum, and good sense, as in every other transaction of life. Being myself of a sceptical and irresolute temper, it was not extraordinary I should be so on the important article of marriage, especially under the disadvantages and objections abovementioned. However I never relinquished my design, or my love. Though my attachment was sufficiently known, yet I ventured at last to notify it in form to my brother and family, from whom it met with an opposition, not without some degree of violence and virulence. Nay they insinuated a coarse motive to my attachment,

viz.

viz. I—t, not a very probable one in a man between forty and fifty, ironically recommended adoption to me, and if they did not throw out threats of disinheritance, they certainly gave no hopes of approbation, consent, or help. I did not much mind all this. It neither altered my opinion or resolution. I considered that an old maiden sister was then President of the Privy Council, and that in these kind of negotiations, the friends of the parties are influenced and determined by nothing but interest. For after the affair was resolved on and took place, my brother was very kind and generous. However I then defended my choice in the best manner I could, by “enumerating all the good qualities of my mistress, “disavowed the gross imputed motive, in “my turn laughed at the idea of adoption “when I had nothing to give, was sorry it “was not agreeable to them, that merit more “than fortune should always be my object, “&c. &c.” These letters, after my brother’s death, fell again into my hands, and I read them to my dear deceased not four months before her own, to shew her what threats, perils,

perils, dangers, and battles, like another Don Quixotte, I had encountered in defence and support of her merit, virtues, and accomplishments. But I had given her then for thirteen years such proofs of my love and esteem, as needed not that confirmation. Immediately after the perusal, I burnt them. They contained only the same sentiments as in this elegy, but perhaps more animated, as coming from a lover fourteen or fifteen years younger, than now from a mourner at 60. However the event and sequel have proved the justness and truth of my sentiments then, and my unalterable affection. But to return.

Unmoved by all their arguments either of dissuasion or terror, I remained unshaken in my attachment to my Charlotte, and waited only some favourable turn in my affairs to declare and propose myself. For I had then neither fortune, nor house of my own to carry a wife to. I begun to be of an age to grow tired of a gay pleasureable life, like that of a butterfly, ever on the wing. It did very well whilst I was young and in spirits, which recommended and made me a welcome guest, whenever I pleased, at the houses of the best

L families

families in the county. So that I used to say, I had as much share in all the pleasures and enjoyments of their fortunes as the possessors themselves. However, I began to think of founding a retreat; time running on and no prospect of preferment, though for many years a king's chaplain, I resolved to close this long depending suit, even exceeding a Chancery one.

Sir John Nelthorpe and Mr. Val. Knightley were at Redbourn on a shooting party in October 1766. They had promised to meet the Miss Nelthorpe's at a Lincoln assembly. Jaded with their day's sport, they seemed unwilling to perform their engagement; I rallied them upon it, and said, that I thought such an expedition no more than stepping out of one room into another, and to prove it, though no ways engaged, offered to be of the party. This determined them, and we accordingly set off so late as seven in the evening to go eighteen miles, surprized the ladies with our appearance in the assembly room by eleven, (notwithstanding some disasters on the road) treated them with a supper at the inn, and after parting returned to

to Redbourn by nine o'clock the next morning, to breakfast and to pursue our sports. That morning on the road I communicated to Sir John Nelthorpe my design of offering myself to his sister, with which he seemed well pleased. In a few days the lady herself joined us. The offer was made and accepted. All irresolution now was entirely banished; I offered to give her my hand in the church the very next day. However she begged some time for preparation, but considering the great length of the siege, I would allow no longer time than the 1st of January 1767 for the capitulation. Accordingly the ceremony was performed on that day, and blessed be that day by me for ever. The heavens seemed to smile upon our nuptials. It was the brightest and happiest day I ever saw. Nor was this sunshine and happiness of our loves and lives ever clouded over, till she closed her eyes for ever upon them on the 8th of March 1780. And here let *my* eyes stream afresh over my departed joys and happiness.

——— For here my thoughts awake
Mournful soliloquies, which they alone,

L 2

Who

Who e'er have lov'd, will from their hearts supply,
 And they who have not, will but hear and smile,
 And let them smile — but let these scorers learn,
 There is a solemn luxury in grief,
 Which they shall never taste; well known to those,
 And only those, in solitude's deep gloom
 Who heave the sigh sincerely; fancy there
 Waits the fit moment, and when time has calm'd
 The first o'erwhelming tempest of their woe,
 Piteous she steals upon the mourner's breast,
 Her precious balm to shed. Oh! it has power,
 Has magic power, to soften and to sooth,
 Thus duly minister'd.

MASON, E. G.

Among the many checks and obstacles to my entering into a state of matrimony, one was the want of fortune to make an independent widow in case of her survivorship. I think and hope I never coveted wealth or preferment on my own account, for which bold assertion I can bring no better proof, than that I never solicited the latter, though I had at my marriage been twenty years a King's chaplain, without any other favour from the crown than the living of Waddingham of about £.200 a year, to which I thought myself entitled without that claim, from my family, rank, vicinity, and service to government in the provincials in the rebellion

bellion of 1745. Nevertheless I missed that on the first vacancy, and a very fortuitous change of ministry put me in possession of it on a second, and then I gave up to the crown £.140 a year for it. However after all, with nothing more than the livings of Waddingham and Broughton, and the probable, not to say certain, (notwithstanding all unmeaning threats) reversion of the family estate to me or my heirs, I ventured to engage in it. But, at all adventures, I had concerted my measures in such a manner, as to live upon the income of my livings, in which I was sure of my philosophic wife's content and consent. To make the best provision for her in my power, I added all I was worth, about £.1000 to her £.4000 fortune, for her jointure; but that, to our agreeable surprize, on the very morning of our wedding, was increased by a deed of settlement from my brother of £.200 a year on his Pickworth estate in jointure. This was as kind, generous, and genteel as it was unexpected; besides that, on my request, he had granted me the use of his house at

at Redbourn, with the farm annexed as before.

Upon this fund and establishment we set out on the journey of life together, in high content, satisfaction, and happiness, both with it and ourselves. From that time fortune, whom we never courted or coveted, poured upon us her gifts beyond all measure. In June following my eldest brother died, by which the family estate devolved to me, dismembered indeed of about £. 1000 a year, and the remainder much encumbered with debts and annuities. In 1774 my brother Roger died, and left the bulk of his fortune to me, which was pretty considerable, notwithstanding many bad and distant debts. And very soon after a large estate in Wales fell in to me by the will of my cousin Thelwall Price, after the death of my cousin Richard Price. All these great accessions of fortune, however they might enlarge the sphere of our activity and benevolence, neither did or could bring any addition to our comfort or happiness, which was before quite compleat, being formed and settled on the firm basis of content and competence.

A very

A very singular circumstance happened to Mrs. Carter the first year of her marriage. She grew so large, that without any other indication she supposed herself with child; so that she consulted a midwife on the case. She declared her not to be so. However, whether it was only fat, or any misconception, (for nobody who knew Mrs. Carter would impute it to affectation, or whim, or any such fantastic humour) it went off without any effect or ill consequence, though it had all the *outward* appearance of pregnancy. On the 20th of April 1769, the year following, she was brought to bed of her daughter Charlotte, after a most painful and perilous delivery. Her safety, more than the birth of a child, made me happy. And though we were not blessed with any more issue, yet it may easily be imagined from the foregoing account of her good sense, moral and religious principles, she was not only perfectly content with her only child, but not in the least discontented or anxious for more. Indeed her understanding was so firm and strong, as to adapt itself to every situation and circumstance of life.

Though

Though no people could be fonder or more happy in home or a domestic life, being both calculated and furnished with every requisite to make it agreeable, yet notwithstanding, and contrary to the opinion of the tonish part of our acquaintance, that we should do well enough to *grab* at home, we saw more company both at home and abroad than any of our neighbours and acquaintance. We generally made some excursions every summer for two or three months, to Wales, Holland, or some other place. As we never were in a hurry, or regarded expence, we generally travelled very much at our ease. In some of our expeditions she incurred some very alarming perils and dangers both by sea and land, (recorded in my journals of those tours) which, though naturally of a very timorous disposition, she went through with great resolution and spirit. She had even a degree of courage on water, having no fears on that element. But coming over from Ostend to Dover in a hard gale of wind, not without some alarming circumstances of danger, though she betrayed no symptoms of fear or weakness, yet she was so sick (which was unusual
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to her) as to be quite indifferent to life, and on that account perhaps unapprehensive of danger, and unsusceptible of fear. However she always used to say, that voyage cooled her courage for sea expeditions. But in all our journies by sea or land, she always carried out with her such a stock or fund of ease, contentment, good humour, and pleasantry, which neither bad weather, bad roads, bad inns, or any cross accident, could ever disconcert. Such a companion and fellow traveller have I been deprived of, and am now doomed to drag through the dreary and heavy journey of life all alone, and wherein the gayest scenes of nature and society now appear to me weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable. I must now, like Adam expelled Paradise,

—— With wandering steps, and slow,
Through this world take my solitary way.

However one thing I am sure of, that amongst all the changes and chances I may undergo in this mortal life, I shall ever retain the highest opinion, esteem, love, and reverence of my dearest deceased Charlotte's

M

virtues;

virtues ; and will further fulfil all thy heart's desire in thy most tender and elegant letter of the 2d of April 1769.

As I write this only for myself, my daughter, and a very few of Mrs. Carter's select friends, I have no apologies to make if I fall into repetitions on so pleasing a theme. I shall therefore resume the contemplation of her character. I might here pay a compliment to my own judgment, in forming so very early such an opinion of Mrs. Carter's character, which no change of time, place, fortune, or any circumstance has given me the least reason to retract or reverse. The ideal virtues of a mistress were more than realized in the wife. The husband found more than the lover expected. Her talents and virtues, though of the private and domestic kind, were so numerous, various and great, and rush upon my mind in so many lights, that upon the strictest perusal of the foregoing recital of some of them, I am so far from accusing myself of exaggeration, that I really do not think I have done them justice. But the opinion of the world was quite a matter of indifference

ference to her and me when living, and must be much more so now she is dead. I should have borrowed her pen to celebrate her. It was that of a ready writer. Her literary stile, as I have before hinted, was easy, flowing, elegant and humorous, for which I appeal to her letters. Indeed I have always thought her character not unlike that of Vanessa and Stella (as Swift has drawn them) in most things, except in the brilliancy of wit, which those ladies might be possessed of; but which Mrs. Carter neither had, nor pretended, nor wished to have. She had to me a more pleasing talent, that of humour, which never failed or tired by sameness. She had so great a portion of it, that I used often to tell her (in the coarse stable phrase) that she was the full daughter of Frolic and Fun. But this was seldom or never displayed before strange or formal company, and therefore unsuspected by them. Along with this pleasantry of spirit, she possessed also (which is rare) a most manly solid judgment, and acute penetration. That she should enter into the inmost recesses of my heart, and

see almost every thought as it rose, and every emotion of sensibility in my soul, (however disguised to others) by a quivering lip, a nervous laugh, a suffused eye, or faltering hesitation of speech, would be no wonder from so long and intimate an acquaintance with me. But I think, she could read all men and manners which came under her observation with the same facility; and though she shewed the greatest candour to natural foibles and failings, and even to some unfortunate lapses from virtue, (of which I could give instances) yet she never prostituted her sincerity to give either countenance, approbation, or complaisance to vice and affectation. She was neither the dupe nor the flatterer of fools or knaves. She never fawned nor smiled indiscriminately on the worthy and unworthy, but always made some distinction in her behaviour towards them. For to be obsequious and complaisant to all alike, is, in my opinion, the height of insipidity, insincerity and injustice.

I could go on for ever in this strain. But I cannot forbear, like Orpheus, taking one more farewell-look at thee. Possibly I may
be

be blinded in my judgment by my great love and partiality to thee, yet I cannot but think thou wast formed in the prodigality of nature, both in mind and body. The former I absolutely thought and still think faultless. I speak after the manner of men. And as to the latter, though thou didst not possess the chief constituent principles of beauty, viz. height of stature, regularity of features, and fairness of complexion, yet wast thou by many often taken for one; which error they were led into by the agreeableness of thy looks, the elegance of thy little figure, and the gracefulness of all thy motions, attitudes and actions. However by the united powers and graces of both, in all the wanderings and roving of my youthful affections, thou alone cou'dst always, at every meeting, inspire my breast with love, esteem, and admiration above all others, retained them to the close of thy life, and I trust will do so to the end of mine.

Thus have I wove a chaplet for thy tomb, very unworthy the materials I had to compose it of. But I know thou wilt accept any thing from me; and yet, believe me, these
effusions

effusions are not the hundredth part of what has passed in my head and heart on this subject. I can truly say, striking my pensive bosom, "here lies Charlotte," a poor and humble tomb; but which I know thou wouldest prefer

To gold, gems, marble, vases sculptur'd high.

For whilst I have a head and a heart, thou shalt always have the uppermost seat in both. However, I must and will tell something of all this on thy tomb. Till then accept the following borrowed verses, which I shall hang o'er thy grave, and pray be punctual to the assignation at the end of them. Adieu, my dear Charlotte, ever yours,

R. C. T.

Redbourn, Sept. 1780.

HAIL!

HAHL! hallow'd vault! whose darksome caverns hold
 A form, tho' mortal, of no common mold.
 A heart scarce sullied with a human flaw,
 Which shunn'd no duty, and transgress'd no law:
 In joy still guarded, in distress serene,
 Thro' life a model of the golden mean.

Pure mind! whose meekness in thy mortal days,
 Pursuing virtue, still retir'd from praise;
 Nor wish'd that friendship shou'd on marble give,
 That perfect image of thy worth to live;
 Which 'twas thy aim alone to leave impress'd
 On the close tablet of my faithful breast.
 If now this verse against thy will rebel,
 And strive to blazon what he lov'd so well,
 Forgive the tender thought, the moral song,
 Which wou'd thy virtues to the world prolong;
 That rescu'd from the grave's oblivious shade,
 Their useful lustre may be still survey'd,
 Dear to the pensive eye of fond regret,
 As light still beaming from a sun that's set.

What tho' undeck'd with titles, power, or wealth,
 Great were thy generous deeds, and done by stealth.
 For thy pure bounty from observance stole,
 Nor wish'd applause, but from thy conscious soul.
 Tho' thy plain tomb no sculptur'd form may show,
 No boastful witness of suspected woe;
 Yet heavenly shapes, that shun the glare of day,
 To that dear spot shall nightly visits pay.
 There Charity, Compassion's lovely child,
 In rustic notes, pathetically wild,
 With grateful blessings bid thy name endure,
 And mourn the patron of the village poor.

Reason's mild power, unvex'd by mental strife,
 Sway'd the calm current of thy useful life.
 In scenes domestic, or of social ease,
 'Twas thine by firm sincerity to please.
 Sweet as the breath of spring thy converse flow'd,
 As summer's noon-tide warmth thy friendship glow'd.

“O'er

" O'er thy mild manners, by no art constrain'd,
 " A pensive pleasing melancholy reign'd;
 " Which won regard, and charm'd th' attentive eye,
 " Like the mild lustre of an evening sky."

Ah! little thought I, in that happier hour,
 When thou display'dst thy pencil's pleasing pow'r,
 To mourn thy form, in cold obstruction laid,
 And see thee only by the pencil's aid.

Blest be the pencil! every art be blest,
 That stamps thy image deeper on my breast.

Oft shall I loiter on thy favourite hill,
 Whose shades the sadly-pleasing thoughts instill;
 Recount thy kindness, as I fondly rove,
 And meet thy spirit in the lonely grove.

At evening's pensive hour, or opening day,
 Thou yet shall seem the partner of my way.

Blest spirit! still thro' fancy's ear impart,
 The calm of Virtue to my troubled heart:
 Correct each sordid view, each vain desire,
 And touch the mortal with celestial fire.

So may I still, in this dark scene of earth,
 Hold sweet communion with thy living worth;
 And whilst my thoughts scan o'er thy spotless life,
 Revere the angel, as I lov'd the wife.

HAYLEY ON THORNTON.

Applied to Mrs. Carter, by her, &c. R. C. T.

EPI TAPH.

EPIGRAMS

HERE lyeth the body of CHARLOTTE,
Daughter of Sir HENRY NEETHORPE of BARTON.
And next her (as he hopes) will be deposited
That of ROBERT CARTER THELWALL, third son of
WILLIAM CARTER.

Who desires to record on this their tomb,
Only this farther memorial of himself,
(As his highest character, glory, and happiness)
That from the 1st of Jan. 1767, he was the loving
And beloved husband of the above mentioned CHARLOTTE.
— A woman (according to his judgment) of the
most gentle manners, mild affections, elegant
accomplishments, refined humour, and
sound judgment, joined to great piety,
benevolence, and charity.

*Heu! CHARLOTTA, vale! morum placidissima conjux!
Mente tibi comitem me superesse dolet.*

Pos. R. C. T.

She } died { 8th March 1780, { aged } 38.
He }

The monument to have a basso-relief, representing a
man weeping over an urn; or (if proper and practicable,
and not too childish and fantastical) a dove on a naked
spray of a tree lamenting his mate, wounded, fluttering,
and dying on the ground, with these mottoes:

Dolenda es multum ipsi mihi.

And, *Ne doleas, non omnis moriar.*

Or, a man in a wood, "walking and musing with his
arms across," with the above emblematical figures as un-
derparts of the picture, and if it can be expressed, the sun
or light appearing through or beyond the dark wood.

EPITAPHS and CONSOLATIONS.

*Heu! CHARLOTTA, vale! mihi dilectissima conjux:
In cælum lachrymis te sequor usq; memor.*

*Heu! CHARLOTTA, vale! multum mihi flebilis uxor:
Non te defunctam, me superesse dolet.*

*Heu! CHARLOTTA, vale! carus fidusq; maritus
En tibi mente comes. Nil nisi corpus abest.*

*Heu! CHARLOTTA, vale. Non tam te morte peremptam,
Quàm quod adhuc vivam; hoc mihi, cara, dolet.*

*CHARLOTTÆ placuisse bonæ mihi summa voluptas;
Amisisse dolor. Tempus abire mihi.*

*Heu! CHARLOTTA, vale! morum placidissima conjux!
Mente tibi comitem me superesse dolet.*

Farewell, my CHARLOTTE, farewell joy and love!
Till our next meeting in the realms above.

Next to my CHARLOTTE be my corpse consign'd,
The tend'rest, gentlest, best of woman kind.

PARODY on ARNO's VALE.

WHEN here, my CHARLOTTE, first we came,
Where Ancholm rolls his silver stream;
The fields how sweet, the swains how gay!
Content inspir'd each rural lay.

But since the gentle CHARLOTTE dy'd,
The queen of Redbourn and the pride,
The pleasures droop, and glooms prevail,
Adieu! ye sweets of Ancholme's Vale.

Beyond

Beyond all climates, far above all skies,
 The soul that once inform'd my CHARLOTTE flies.
 May guardian angels still point out it's way,
 Thro' all the regions of eternal day.
 May heavenly love still bless that tender mind,
 Which ever was with love and truth combin'd;
 And that her joys unmix'd with care may flow,
 Conceal, kind heaven, from her my heart-felt woe.

ANON. ANN. REG. 1779.

And still I cry, each morn and evening pass'd,
 This brings me nearer CHARLOTTE than the last.

HERMIT.

She lives, reigns, triumphs in a state of bliss;
 My life, no life, a state of dying is.
 If saints for pilgrims here concern'd can be,
 I'm confident she still remembers me.
 My love for her, not lessen'd by her death,
 I'm sure will last unto my latest breath.

Sir EDW. WALPOLE on his wife.

The 137th PSALM.

Adapted and addressed to his dearest dying wife, by her
 most tender and affectionate husband;

ROB. CARTER THELWALL.

Edinburgh, March 2, 1780.

1. BY the mountains of Salisbury and Arthur, I sat
 down and wept; when I remembered thee, O CHAR-
 LOTTE.

2. As for my flute, I left it hung up and neglected.

3. For how shall I make any melody in my heaviness,
 or touch thee in a strange land? unaccompanied by the

sweet and inspiring voice of my CHARLOTTE, as once in the shades of Redbourn.

4. But now, alas I is her spirit flying, and her time is passing away, like a shadow along the sides of a mountain:

5. Whilst I go heavily all the day long, or sit like the turtle dove that mourneth for it's mate.

6. I am become even as a sparrow that sitteth alone on the house top, or as a pelican in the wilderness.

7. But if I forget thee, O my CHARLOTTE, let my right hand forget it's cunning.

8. If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth: yea, if I prefer not musing on thee to all the mirth of the sons of men.

9. I will yet think of all thy virtues, when thou liest in the dust: yea my soul shall rest in hope to join thee.

10. But though I walk in the midst of trouble, yet shall the Lord comfort and refresh me.

11. The Lord shall make good his loving kindness towards me and my beloved; yea, thy mercy, O Lord, endureth for ever: despise not then the works of thine own hands.

COPY of a LETTER deposited with some others in the coffin of CHARLOTTE CARTER THELWALL.

My dearest deceased wife CHARLOTTE,

TO whatever region thy gentle spirit is fled, bear this along with thee as a testimonial from the most tender and affectionate husband, of the exceeding great love and affection he bore thee, the high sense he entertained of thy virtues, his gratitude for that perfect happiness thou blessedst him with for ~~thirteen~~ thirteen years

years of his life (alas! too short) in the tenderest connexion, and of his remembrance of all these blessings, which he hopes to carry in his breast till he joins thee in the grave, there to remain with thee in the joyful hope of a resurrection to eternal life.

I am still, and till then,

Thy most affectionate husband,

March 8, 1780.

ROB. CARTER THELWALL.

To Charlotte Carter Thelwall.

Translation of a SONNET of METASTASIO. Addressed to MDDCCT!

Ecco quel fiero, &c.

I.

BEHOLD the dreadful moment come,

Which parts my wife and me!

How shall I live, life of my life,

Now I'm bereav'd of thee?

No more shall joy dwell in my breast

But woe and misery;

- Whilst thou in death's oblivious land

No more rememb'rest me.

II.

Yet still in search of my lost peace,

Permit illusive thought

T' attend that form, from whence my soul

The dear infection caught;

Still on thy shade I'll wait unseen,

In fancy gaze on thee;

Whilst thou (who knows) in death's dark state,

No more rememb'rest me.

O'er

III.

O'er Cambrian hills and vales I'll stray,

By melancholy led;

And ask each object in my way,

Where is my CHARLOTTE fled?

From morn to eve on thee I'll call,

In plaintive elegy,

Whilst thou (who knows) in death's domain

No more rememb'rest me.

IV.

Oft will I visit those dear scenes

Illumin'd by thine eye;

Where by thy converse cheer'd, thy spouse

Enjoy'd felicity.

Tho' now each object hurts my sight

With painful memory;

Whilst thou (who knows) retain'st no more

One tender thought of me.

V.

Here first my passion I declar'd,

And breath'd my vows of love;

Whilst she with modest grace vouchsaf'd

My passion to approve.

'Twas here I kiss'd her hand, and there

We languish'd mutually;

But thou in death retain'st no more

Those tender thoughts of me.

VI.

Our love by marriage rites refin'd

To higher bliss aspir'd;

And join'd by friendship and esteem,

New force and strength acquir'd.

Heaven

Heaven with a daughter crown'd our love,
 To bless us mutually;
 When lo! she dies; and in death's sleep
 No more remembers me.

VII.

Think, CHARLOTTE, of th' unceasing grief
 Thou'st left in ROBERT's heart;
 Think of his tender love and faith,
 And friendship void of art;
 Think of the heart-drawn sighs and tears,
 Which he shall shed for thee;
 Think of — ah! no, may'st thou ne'er feel
 A pain or grief for me.

Dec. 1781.

ANOTHER from the SAME.

I.

Of dreams and fables tho' I sing and write,
 And in such visionary scenes delight;
 Yet (inconsistent fool) I take the part
 To scorn and weep th' inventions of my art.

II.

Yet still perhaps in fancy's airy flight
 I shew myself more wise. For what is right?
 In mimic scenes more pleasure do we find,
 Or in the real passions of the mind?

III.

For, ah! not only those, I fondly ween,
 Are dreams and fables, which employ my pen;
 For much I fear or hope, All's false and vain,
 And life but the delirium of the brain.

My

IV.

My life's whole course is but a shadowy dream.
Grant me then, Lord, when from life's sleep I wake,
In truth's fair bosom sweet repose to take.

VII.

EXTRACTS from JULIUS CÆSAR.

Act II. Scene III.

Portia. Brutus, my lord!

Brutus. Portia! what mean you? wherefore rise you now?
It is not for your health thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.

Portia. Nor for yours neither. You've ungently, Brutus,
Stole from my bed; and yesternight at supper
You suddenly arose and walk'd about,
Musing, and sighing, with your arms acroß;
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You star'd upon me with ungentle looks.
I urg'd you further, then you scratch'd your head,
And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot.
Yet I insist'd, yet you answer'd not,
But with an angry waſture of your hand
Gave sign for me to leave you: so I did,
Fearing to strengthen that impatience,
Which seem'd too much enkindled; and withal,
Hoping it was but an effect of humour,
Which sometime hath his hour with every man.

Brutus. Good Portia, go to bed.

Portia. Is Brutus sick, and is it physical
To walk unbraced, and suck up the humours
Of the dank morning? What! Is Brutus sick?
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
To dare the vile contagion of the night,

And

And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air,
 To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus,
 You have some sick offence within your mind,
 Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
 I ought to know of: and upon my knees,
 I charge you, by my once commended beauty,
 By all your vows of love, and that great vow,
 Which did incorporate and make us one,
 That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,
 Why you are heavy; and what, &c.

Brutus. Kneel not, gentle Portia.

Portia. I shou'd not need, if you were gentle Brutus.
 Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
 Is it expected I should know no secrets
 That appertain to you? Am I yourself
 But as it were in sort and limitation
 To keep with you at meals, consort your bed,
 And talk to you? Dwell I but in the suburbs
 Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
 Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

Brutus. You are my true and honourable wife;
 As dear to me, as are the ruddy drops
 That visit my sad heart.

Portia. If this were true, then shou'd I know this secret.
 I grant I am a woman; but withal,
 A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife:
 I grant I am a woman; but withal,
 A woman well reputed; Cato's daughter.
 Think you I am no stronger than my sex,
 Being so father'd and so husbanded?
 Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose them:
 I have made strong proof of my constancy,
 Giving myself a voluntary wound
 Here in the thigh: can I bear that with patience,
 And not my husband's secrets?

Brutus. O ye gods!
 Render me worthy of this noble wife.

(*Knock.*)
 Hark!

Hark! Hark! one knocks; Portia, go in awhile,
 And by and by thy bosom shall partake
 The secrets of my heart.
 All my engagements I will construe to thee,
 All the character of my sad brows.
 Leave me with haste. [Exit Portia.]

Act II. Scene VII.

Portia. I prythee, boy, run to the senate-house,
 Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone.
 Why dost thou stay?

Lucius. To know my errand, Madam.

Portia. I would have had thee there, and here again,
 Ere I can tell thee what thou shou'dst do there.—

O, constancy, be strong upon my side,
 Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue;
 I have a man's mind, but a woman's might:
 How hard it is for woman to keep counsel?
 Art thou here yet?

Lucius. Madam, what shou'd I do?
 Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?
 And so return to you, and nothing else?

Portia. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy Lord looks
 well,
 For he went sickly forth: and take good note,
 What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him.
 Hark! boy, what noise is that?

Lucius. I hear none, Madam.

Portia. I must go in. — Ay me! how weak a thing
 The heart of woman is! O Brutus! Brutus!
 The heavens speed thee in thy enterprize!
 Sure the boy heard me: Brutus hath a suit
 That Cæsar will not grant. O! I grow faint:

Run,

Run, Lucius, and commend me to my Lord,
Say I am merry; come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee. [Exit.]

Act IV. Scene IV.

Brutus. O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.

Cassius. Of your philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidental evils.

Brutus. No man bears sorrow better—Portia's (CHAR-
LOTTE's) dead.

Cassius. Ha! Portia!

Brutus. She is dead.

Cassius. How 'scap'd I killing when I cross'd you so?
O! insupportable and touching loss!
Upon what sickness?

Brutus. Impatient of my absence,
And grief, that young Octavius with Mark Antony
Have made themselves so strong; (for with her death
Those tidings came.) With this she fell distract,
And (her attendants absent) swallow'd fire.

Cassius. And dy'd so?

Brutus. Even so.

Cassius. O ye immortal gods!

Brutus. Speak no more of her: give me a bowl of wine.
In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius.

Cassius. Oh, Portia! art thou gone?

Brutus. No more, I pray you.

Messala, I have here received letters, &c.

Messala. Had you your letters from your wife, my Lord?

Brutus. No, Messala.

Messala. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?

Brutus. Nothing, Messala.

Messala. That methinks is strange:

Brutus. Why ask you? Hear you ought of her in yours?

Messala.

Messala. No, my Lord.

Brutus. Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true;

Messala. Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell.
For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.

Brutus. Why, farewell, Portia! — We must die, *Messala*.
With meditating that she must die once,
I have the patience to endure it now.

Messala. Even so great men great losses thou'd endure.

Cassius. I have as much of this in art as you,
But yet my nature cou'd not bear it so.

Brutus. Well, to our work alive, &c. &c.

R. And whether we shall meet again, I know not;
Therefore my everlasting farewell take.

For ever, and for ever farewell, *CHARLOTTE*,

If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;

If not, why then this parting was well made.

C. For ever, and for ever farewell, *ROBERT*,

If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed;

If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.

R. Why then lead on.—O! that a man might know, &c.

F I N I S

I Cannot resist the Temptation of adding
the following little Poem. I declare it is
not to gratify my own Vanity by it, but
for very different Reasons. In the first Place
it will in some Degree confirm the Character
and good Esteem I flatter'd myself Mrs.
CARTER was held in by her Neighbours in
Wales. For tho' the Testimony of a Poet
may not be of the highest Authority, yet
it can hardly be supposed, he wou'd
celebrate his Heroine contrary to the ge-
neral Opinion of his Acquaintance. In the
next Place, the Circumstances of it will prove,
and illustrate another Part of her Character,
(as I have drawn it) how perfectly free She
was from that too prevalent Foible of Vanity,
For tho' She must have received it in 1776,
yet She never shew'd it me; nor I believe any
one else; nor did I see it till a Year and
half after her Decease, when I found it
among some of her Papers. Neither do I
know to this Day, to whom I am oblig'd,
and ought to address my Thanks for the very
kind and handsome Things he has been pleas'd
to say of Mrs. CARTER, in the following
pretty Copy of Verses.

BRIGG: Printed by T. BRIGGS, Bookseller.

To Mrs. CARTER on her leaving Wales, in
October 1776.

A pastoral ODE.

CHARLOTTE's with all the Virtues born,
That Life embellish, and adorn,
The Ornament of every Scene,
Worthy to be CLWYD's Queen.

Return'd to RENNOUN's happy Plain,
The Loves, and Graces, in her Train;
BATHAFERN must her Loss Deplore,
And CLWYD's Vale rejoice no more.

Fleecy Mountains, fertile Dales,
Fann'd by soft Elysian Gales,
Rocks romantic, bright Cascades,
Glittering thro' the peevish Shades,
Blooming Meads, and purling Streams,
That reflect the sunny Beams,
All in vain their Beauties spread,
Since their boasted Queen is fled,
BATHAFERN must her Loss deplore,
And CLWYD's Vale rejoice no more.

Playful

Playful Lambs are grown,
 Lowing Herds her Lark harmon,
 Warbling Birds no longer Sing,
 Grieving seem to hang the wings,
 Sweetest Flowers decline the Head,
 Withering, show their Queen is fled,
 Sighing winds now murmur here,
 Melting Clouds now drop a Tear,
 Swains and Nymphs alike we find
 Sympathize with Clouds and Wind,
 Solitude along our Plains
 With her Sister Sorrow reigns,
 Melancholy we quit her Cell,
 With her mooping Friends to dwell.

When LEO rules the glittering Sphere,
 CHARLOTTE will again be here,
 Open wide her festive Door,
 And Hospitality restore,
 Happiness shall then prevail,
 Pleasure echo thro' the Vale,
 Long for Cheerfulness renown'd,
 With fair Peace and Plenty crown'd.

Fancy

Fancy now restores our Queen,
 Gracious, lively and Serene.
 By her Order let advance,
 Sprightly Music, Song, and Dance,
 Love and Beauty hand in hand
 Round shall lead the jocund Band,
 When you'll feel the warbling Lyre
 Melt the Heart to soft Desire,
 And the Harp's melodious Strings
 Give to Love and Pleasure wings.
 As the Notes are grave or airy,
 All the Passions seem to vary.
 Play that pleasing Tune again.
 Oh! what Raptures fill the Strain?
 Oh! the charming, charming Ball,
 Oh! the merry, merry Hall.
 But 'till the Fates restore her here,
 Not Harmony could touch the Ear,
 BATHAFERN must her Loss deplore,
 And CLWYD's Vale rejoice no more.

ENTERPE.

FINIS.



